



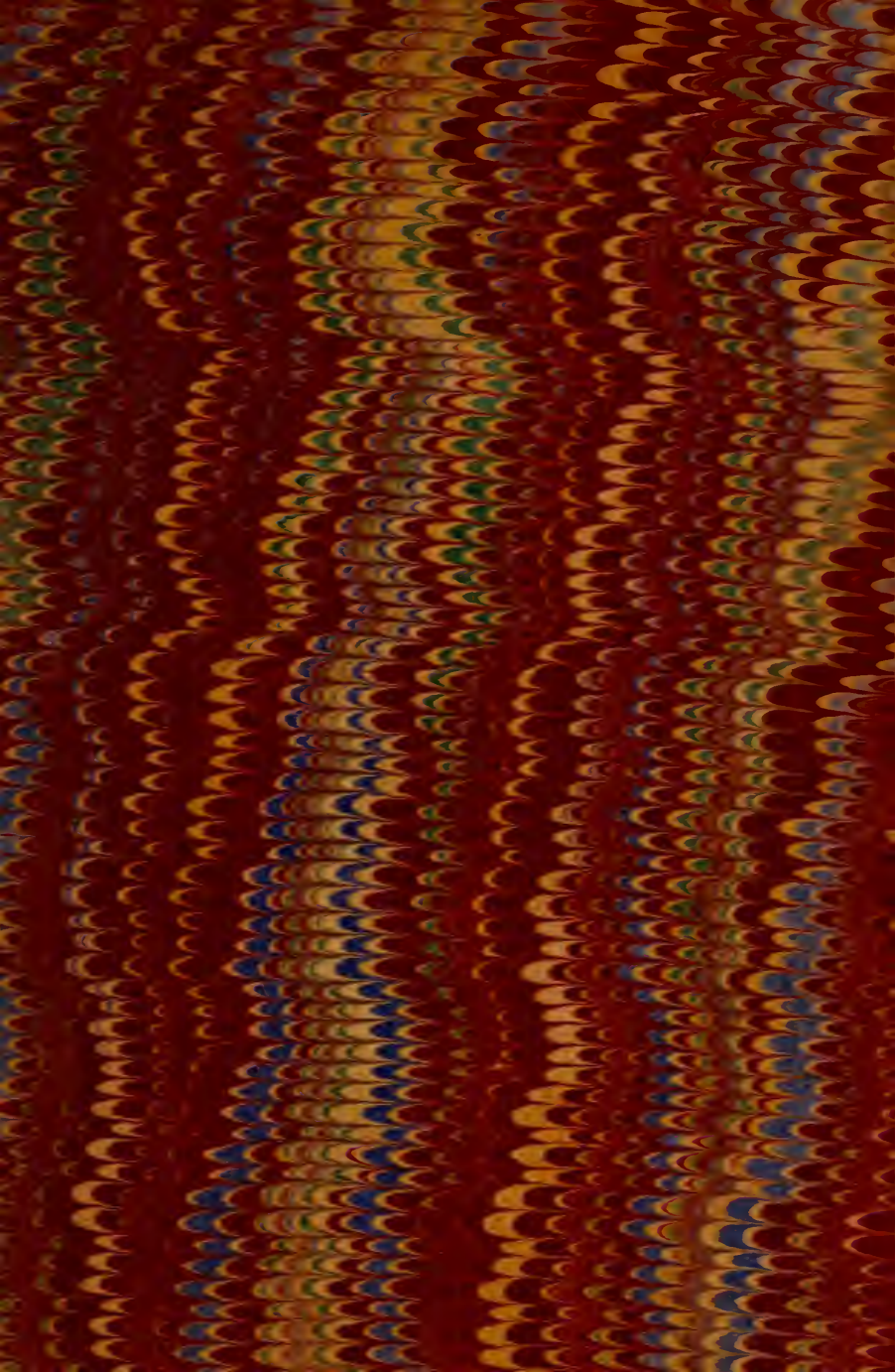
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MAKE THY WAY MINE.



GEORGE KLINGLE.



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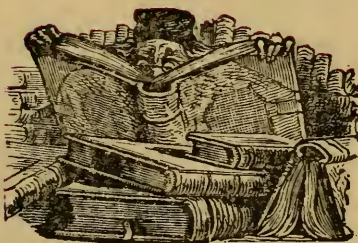
Make Thy Way Mine

AND OTHER POEMS

BY ✓

George Kingle

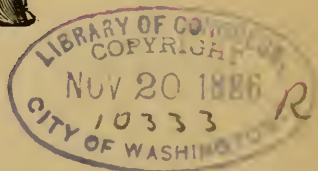
Holmes, Mrs. George (Mrs. Kingle)



New York

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN

1886



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MAKE THY WAY MINE.

FATHER, hold thou my hands ; the way is steep,
I cannot see the path my feet must keep ;

I cannot tell, so dark the tangled way,

Where next to step. Oh, stay ;

Come close ; take both my hands in thine ;

Make thy way mine.

Lead me. I may not stay :

I must move on, but oh, the way !

I must be brave and go ;

Step forward in the dark nor know

If I shall reach the goal at all—

If I shall fall

Take thou my hand :

Take it ! Thou knowest best

How I should go, and all the rest ;
I cannot, cannot see ;
Lead me ; I hold my hands to thee ;
I own no will but thine ;
Make thy way mine.

WHILE WE MAY.

THE hands are such dear hands ;
They are so full. They turn at our demands
So often. They reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times. They do
So very many things for me, for you ;
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend. not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow, or quick, such crimes
We may pass by, for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours ; feet fast, or slow ;
And trying to keep pace, if they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
 Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
 Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
 We may be mute,
 Not turning to impute
 Grave fault, for they and we
 Have such a little way to go, can be
Together such a little while along the way,
 We will be patient while we may.

 So many little faults we find :
 We see them for not blind
Is love ; we see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by
 They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less,
 Remembrances to bless.

Days change so many things—yes, hours—
We see so differently in suns and showers ;
 Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light !
 We may be patient, for we know
 There's such a little way to go.

A YEAR AGO.

I WAS so rich a year ago
That every day
A little child looked up to me
Amid its play.
I was so very rich because
The child was mine.
I did not think he was but lent
A little time.

I dreamed for him bright dreams,
And he?
The castles that he built
Were all for me.
I cannot tell you, if I try,
How golden bright
The head upon my pillow
Every night.

I never could begin to tell—
I wish I could—
How sweet this child of mine.
How sweet, how good ;
Or half how rich I felt myself.
You do not know
How very rich I was
A year ago.

And now I stand upon the path—
I stand alone—
How poor I am !—So poor no diadem
That ever shone
Could make me rich. But standing here
And looking down
On trodden hope, as on some crimson wind-flower
Turned to brown,
I see that, though I am so poor,
For his sweet sake,
I may be glad that God saw fit
His own to take.

I may be glad, because
 I loved him so,
That God should do so kind a thing,
 And let him go,
Before the world's breath ever
 Swept his face—
What could my love have done
 To grant such grace?
What could my love have done?
 I could not keep
My child, with all my love, so safe
 But he would weep.

PERFECTION IN DIVISION.

SOME flowers bear violet on their bosoms, and
some blue ;

Some love a hue

More tender, and you know,

Some are as white as snow.

If all the colors slept upon one breast

Our eyes would ask for rest.

Some birds have gifts of song ;

Others, of wings so strong

They rule as kings : some, going by,

Flush nature's heart with crimson dye,

Or blue, or gold ; and some

With just a chirp of gladness come.

If all birds' wings were strong, or red,

Or all birds' songs said

Each to each the same on hills, through vales below

There would be tears I know.

Some human lips part singing ; some with cries ;
Some spirits weep or smile from out their eyes ;

Some eyes are blind.

Some hands are strong to loose or bind,

And some but cling :

Some spirits are so strong of wing,

With such a sweet control

Reaching from soul to soul ;

And others never try

To rise and fly.

If all lips sung, or cried,

Or wings of spirits tried

The same broad flight,

Lips would fade white.

Gifts are divided. Some hands hold

A weight of gold ;

Some just a child ;

Some, acres where the sun hath smiled.

God never made

A hand without a gift—though gifts do fade—

And some, so many hold that they forget
The gift, God-set,
High toward the Throne, and so
Bend down too low.

A FINISHED CHAPTER.

ONE chapter of my life is ended ;
One chapter cut so short ; extended
Such a little way, so brief :
And I must put it by ; turning a new white leaf,
So white, so marked with change,
So different from the last ; so strange ;
Without a line to guess the reading by :
A page as yet stained but with tears that cry
Blood-red to heaven, and ask what I shall write
First on the white.

The last sweet chapter, though so new, so strange
At the beginning, came with change
All tremulous with added life
And whisperings of new-created lips ripe
With their benediction. Life added unto life, complete
In benison of God, sung a new psalm along the white,
new leaf, replete

With utterances the tenderest of Time's lips,
And all the writing ran so smoothly in straight lines,
 with slips
But here and there, to show imperfect still
The sweetest chapter of the whole, until
 The last,

Which comes when all the rest is past.
So full of benediction's breath, that other page,
One might half guess what would be written and
 assuage
The human yearning passionate, strong, strong as
 death,

 In its soft breath.
But cut apart and laid in separate place
That little chapter, and an angel face,
 New-crowned, looks in surprise,
 With rapture in its eyes,
 Along God's light.
 My new page is so white !
 It is so strange, so new,

With nothing to be guessed about what I can do
To make it mine ; yet I must do, must go, must write;

Too weak to do or think aright ;

But God, who closed so soon the last fond chapter,
Will show me soon what cometh after,

And help me choose,

And tell me just the words to use.

THE BENEDICTION OF LIGHT.

When I grow weak
With beating human wings against infinitude, and seek
From out the opened heavens, some new, strange sign,
Some flame omnipotent to shine
Upon my faith ; when I would reach too high—
Beating my sin-clipped wings—and cry
To see an opened heaven ; a spirit race ;
My own bright angel with a face
Lifted to God ; when I am weak,
Lead me, too mute to speak,
Where I may see—tender as thoughts of God—
The light along the West, trod
By the crescent and the one lone star,
Which did not sin-stain mar,
Might tremble with the wings of angels, and reach out
To upper thrones. Could faith then turn about

And ask a sign ?—look on infinitude
Bowing to meet the finite ; from along the multitude
Of spheres, just out of sight,
Feel the strong breath of God, and ask for light
God has held back ? The hand
That swung out stars, within an angel band,
Shall keep
My angel till I fall asleep.

MY CROSS HIS CROWN.

MY cross? Oh, can I take
That cross to carry? did He break
My idol, and instead
Lay *this* across the pathway I must tread?
How can I lift it up, so great—
How can I lift so great a weight?
How can I rise and go
Bent with this cross along the way? I know
He chose for me Himself and tried
Its weight with tender hands; was satisfied;
Laid it just here—and I?
I have not frowned. I did not cry
To have it lifted; would not change
The cross he chose for me, but strange
And terrible it looks!—I see—

Looking so hard—a light about the cross God chose for
me :

Looking so hard, I see my own child's face ;
I see a crown just in my cross' place ;

Looking so hard—I see

A cross and crown. God gave to me
The cross, brought it and laid it down,
But, oh, my cross is but my angel's crown !

THE DUAL STRUGGLE.

I F I should say
I will not strive to-day ;
Will not step on a pace,
But stand right here, looking upon the face
Of all my woe ;
Refuse to go,
And let my hands drop
Where they will ; crouching down close to Grief,
Would it yet be relief ?
Still, when I, by resolve,
Prayed out and sought out, solve
Grief's problem, reaching out a hand
To put it back : leave it to stand
One step behind, while I
Dare, in my sorrow's passion, turn and try

To look not on its face,
What grace
Comes to me so? Must Grief
Be left upon the wayside? For relief
Must Grief stand back? Is love—
Breath of the God above—
So strong, so weak,
That when its voice is hushed Grief must not speak?
With dual struggle day by day,
I wrestle to leave Grief, to move away,
Yet am not willing even to take
A single step, so, fighting, I must break
My will in two strong places, asking God to give
Not only help to make me live
At all, but so
To help that I can *will* to live and go.

MYSTICISM.

THERE were so many, many things
On every side,
So many, many, wondrous things,
Bright, glorified,
That we could see them, he and I,
The whole day long—
Looking together always
Light was strong.

Light was so strong six months ago,
That when at play,
He came and stood with me to look,
Day after day,
And smiled into my face—this child—
And lifted up

His eyes from moss-urns at his feet,
Or fringed 'cup,
To look away, above, across
Into the light—
To look so far away—I thought
The world was bright.
And now, should I be asked to-day
If God, though no less good,
Had taken the brightness quite away,
And understood,
Better than we, our earnest needs,
And made the light to fade
From human hearts, and from the sun
And darkness made,
I could but say, looking alone
I cannot see ;
Looking alone, though God be good
To him, to me,
And gave him brighter things so soon—
I cannot tell
Why hands reach out, why lips can smile !

Though all be well,
God keeping us, the world is dark,
And I but lay
My heart against the darkness
And await the day.

AS GOD LEADS.

HOW can I go ;
How rise, and take the path and know
I have no hand to hold, no face
To meet me on the way at any place !
I stand
Just where I held his hand ;
I took—
Just here the wind hath shook
His gold curls, and his feet
This far came with me : then let me but repeat,
Just standing where I am,
All that his lips said—sacred as a psalm—
While we were moving on, before I knew
His footsteps would stop him. So new
The way looks on beyond ; if I could stay,
If I could but live over day by day

The sweet gone-by ; if I could be
Found waiting where he left me—but I see
A step ahead which I must take.
What that my heart should break ;
What that I cry—
Or am too mute to lift on high
A cry for pity—I must go ;
Reach out for other hands ; know
The bleak places of new hills ; be strong :
Carry my burden all along
The uphill road ; leave
All our footprints in the path that in and out, weave
On together until now ; must take
The new step on alone, and make
My eyes lift to the sun, and look
At purple hill, and throbbing brook,
And make
My hands reach out again to take
Flowers, that will grow against my feet and keep
Reminding me I have no other hands to put them in !
Steep

Be the way or level, can it matter now ?
If I must leave his footprints does it matter how ?
 If I must go ; walk just the same,
 Without his love-lips murmuring my name,
 I only know
It cannot matter much the way I go
So that the path leads high,
Leads closer, every day, toward the sky ;
Leads, as God wills, toward the meeting-place
 Where I shall look upon my angel's face.

SUBMISSION.

WHAT can I do?
Oh, little Life, in you

I lived, and now, how can I care

To live at all? Despair

Would take me by the hand, but shall I go?

If it should take me by the hand, and you should know,

Would you be glad? or, would you rather see

A nobler following after thee?

For thy sweet sake I put the hand aside,

I will be brave, my Glorified;

Lift up my face and go;

Look out upon the light, and up, and so,

Leaving despair,

Push on to nobler things to do and dare,

For thy sweet sake—and His,

Whose glory is

Revealed to thee so soon—and be
What your bright thought could wish for me—
A pure, true life
Brought nearer heaven, and thee, by each day's strife ;
Love crystalized to deeds ; remembrance purified
By keeping close to Him, and close to thee, my
Glorified.

OUR LEGACIES.

IF some hand is quite still
That we have loved, and kept in ours until
It grew so cold ;
If all it held hath fallen from its hold,
And it can do
No more, perhaps there are a few
Small threads that it held fast
Until the last,
That we can gather up and weave along,
With patience strong
In love. If we can take
But some wee, single thread, for love's sweet sake,
And keep it beaten on the wheel
A trifle longer ; feel
The same thread in our hands to add unto and hold,
Until our own grow cold,

We may take heart above the wheel and spin
 With weak hands that begin
Where those left-off, and going on
 Grow strong.
If we bend close to see
Just what the threads may be
Which filled the quiet hands,
 Perhaps some strands
So golden, or so strong may lie there still
That we our empty hands may fill,
 And even yet
Smile though our eyes be wet.

ITALY.

VICTOR EMMANUEL is King of Rome !
Italy lives—is free. There shone
A quivering light on her breast of snow,
As she lay in her sleep long ago,
And she lightly stirred while her breath went forth
From Apennine to Alp of the North.
But the swathes which bound her were netted strong
By the sinewy fingers that bound them on—
It was only a breath she had flung afar,
She was Italy dead, a shrouded star.
When on other shores, with the centuries, trod
France, Lombard, Goth, from ashes and blood
Noble empire came forth with giant tread
Grander, by far, than the step of the dead.
But Italy, land of eloquence, art,
Lay unmoved, cold, still, with her frozen heart ;

Her name unforgotten ; too great in the past
To be lost, yet aside with obloquy cast.

While she lay in her sleep,
Proud monarchies sweep
The hem of their purple over her face,
And mar, as they trample, the lines of its grace,
And a Hierarchy springs from her bosom whose hands
Sprinkle with blood, rivet her bands,
Plant on her breast the weighty tiaras—
Sprinkle with blood of Dante, Rienzes.
She awoke, and from Piedmont, from valley and hill,
Swordsmen sprung into birth, a clarion shrill
From glacier to glacier rung forth, and with blood,
War-legions moved on through the purple flood.

Neapolitan, Tuscan, the down-trodden Lombard,
With grasp, and with nerve drew the sword from its
scabbard,
And France, with her banners in glory unfurled,
Over Italy's bosom held her shield to the world.

She had stirred, was freed, was aroused—but in
part—

The shroud yet tightened above her heart ;
She lived, but the cords which bound her fast
Were kept by the shield and sword of France.

Now Victor Emmanuel is King of Rome !

Italy has passed to her ancient throne.

There is rapture which swells on her haunted shore,
There are voices—their burden is, evermore—

Italy lives, she reigns, is free,

Viva Roma, capitale d' Italia !

LOVE'S PRAYER.

LOVE'S heart was dumb in asking. Could it
choose,
And so refuse
The boon of having God choose for it, knowing best
Just what to send at Love's behest?
So dumb before God's throne that no words came,
Calling some wish by name—
When it would' pray;
No words but,—“Keep him day by day;
And grant this last,
That he may find thy heaven when days are past;”
So mute it could not plead,
But agonize and bleed,
While on its breast
The child-face, night by night, smiled in its rest
And slept. Could Love do more?
Could it ask better grace? implore
Some earthborn glory—ask instead
For genius, power; for honor on the golden head?

This boon alone, a place in Heaven, and all things else
as best,

Leaving to God the rest;

This was the prayer, day following day,

With such a tender hope that God would find a way

To make a long bright pathway for the feet,

With all earth's sweetest utterances complete,

Before he gave the last, best gift,

For human life must drift

In human channels somewhat, human love is strong.

But when the prayer was granted, and along

The free, glad light,

God sent to call his angel to a way more bright,

Knowing quite best

That *this* was sweetest of behest,

Love's heart was speechless, holding up

Such empty hands—to God held up—

Such empty hands! So strong was Love

It dared not lift a wish above;

It dared not choose—Oh, Love is strong

That dares not risk to choose the wrong !

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

JESUS, the Crucified ; Jesus, the Crucified.
What are shades of eventide,
What the midnight, if beside
Jesus, Jesus crucified ?

What that lives must touch and part;
Phantoms tread the echoing heart;
Sorrows come in every way—
Sorrows new with every day—
What it all, if Jesus be,
Jesus crucified for me ?
Quivering heart; oh, quivering heart,
Yearning, longing soul apart,
What is anguish ?—at thy side
Is Jesus—Jesus crucified.

THE SILVER CROSS.

SHE laid in his hand a tangled thorn
Crimsoned with berries, mountain-born;
She had nothing else, though his locks were white,
Nothing to give on the Christmas night:
But he smiled and laid on her braids of gold
The fingers, shriveled and spare and old,
And was gone; but a cross of silver light
Lay where he stood on the snow-drifts white.

A morsel of porridge; the hands were small
That divided the porridge, then gave it all.
But he smiled, and bowed his locks of white—
Frosted with snow of the Christmas night—
Smiled and bent to the child-face cold,
Touched it with fingers shriveled and old,
And was gone; but a cross of silver light
Lay where he stood on the drifts of white.

Faces peered from cottage and hall
Out on the midnight, great and small,
Out on a pilgrim, shriveled and old,
Pleading for alms; but who could have told
That the little Christ on each threshold stood—
In strange disguise, for evil or good,
That the angels bearing His gifts might know
The blessed by the cross in the drifted snow.

SONGS WITH WORDS.

IF birds but sung, and kept
Their small nests in the grass, and swept
Their pretty wings beneath the eaves,
Amid the leaves,
And higher toward the sun;
If on the beaten rocks
The flocks
Of white wings swung
Without a language, and the lifted forests rung
With voices without words,
Nature had loved the birds.
But when, along the hush
Of solitude, the thrush
Tells of its love, or cries
Across the silence to its mate of some surprise,
When voices go from rock to rock,
Seeming to mock

The quiet of the air, with harsh, hard call,
Or tenderer voices rise and fall
 With some pathetic cry,
Songs with words unknown to us drift by,
Of voices chattering of nooks to find
Where nests may swing—soft nests be twined—
 It would be strange
 If nature, in exchange
For voices all her soul to move,
 Gave no more love.
The air is full of heart-throbs breathed in song,
Of hopes and fears; perhaps of some grave wrong,
 Of patient effort and content ;
 Of sentiment
 As true, as real
Within its little way as though a larger deal
Governed the stakes ; of little conflicts
And decisions ; of discussions ; interdicts
On winged peoples; selections and rejections ;
 Of grave reflections
 Upon times and seasons,
 Of migratory reasons ;

Of ways and means ; of governmental factions ;

Of distractions ;

Of superior forces, power and cunning ;

Of the seeking and the shunning,

And the keeping and the giving ;

Of the dying and the living ;

Of the loving.

Solitudes have many voices ;

Song-birds sing in making choices,

Sing in all the words they utter,

Sing in chattering to each other ;

Sing in wooing, willing, flying,

Sing in fearing and in dying,

Speak—in diction known to birds—

In words.

SOLICITUDE.

A TINY dory just upon the shore ;
A little new, white sail, and on before
The beckoning sea.

Around, the morning light upon the golden sand ;
The dreamy waters ; ships far off from land ;
A scrap of idle foam beneath the lea.

A little pure white sail, so pure, so white!—
Flushed roseate in the early light ;
A whispering tide :
Beyond, the rocks lie deep :
Beyond, the wierd winds sweep :
The sea is wide.

If, on the other side, across the sea,
Day burns within the harbor of immensity,
And all is safe

Between this shore and that, winds sweep:
Night shudders, crouching down from deep to deep,
Torn sails beseech relief.

If we turn white: if we would pray,
Though but the breath of early day
Touches the new, white sail;
Be still, for each new day
Flushes to roseate hue all ships that drift away,
Though ships be frail.

The sail is white; a pure, fair soul
With loosened wings bound for a goal;
When all is night,
When treacherous seas deceive,
When death yields no reprieve,
Will the white wings be white?

OUR HAUNTED WAY.

WE cannot always keep
The hands of friends, nor even reap
Our grain beside them, or walk near
That we may speak across, from path to path, and hear
The words that they would say: we do not see
The ways they go, nor be
Quite sure if we would know
Should they exchange this path below
For one more bright, or how, or where.
Just now and then
We look into their eyes: from place to place
We meet and look upon a face
That we have carried, as we take
The dream of some sweet flower which bloomed to
make
A pathway bright, and so
We carry onward as we go,
The influence of so many hours,

Of spirits that draw close to ours,
Spirits that draw close and go,
To come no more for aught we know,
Yet leave a vision where they stood—
A dream so bright, so strong, so good—
That we are richer every day
Because we tread a haunted way.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

A HAND

Came, holding to my face a violet cup
Half opened : " This came up
Because it is the day that Jesus rose,"
The sweet lips said, and I suppose
No violet to my face
Will lift its purple breast in any place
But I shall hear the words, and see
The glad eyes smiling up at me
Because *one* flower was found—
Just one above the hardened ground—
On Easter day. It was a face so bright—
A boy's face, filled with light—
This Easter tide
Will find the sweet face glorified.

And, though for Jesus' sake, some flower may blow,
No face with deeper love, I know,
Will smile because its leaves uncloseth
 "The day when Jesus rose."

TRUST.

WE do not see,

It was not meant for you and me
To look beyond the near, dim West
Dividing the present from the rest—

From the to-come.

Just one by one

The steps we take ;

Just one by one the glories wake,

Or tempests beat. We go

Nearer and nearer to the setting sun, and know

But this, Whatever is, is best—

Sweetest of words confessed

By love's warm breath

In life or death.

We go

Led by His shielding hand and know

He will not make,

Except for love's sweet sake,
A single day
Shadowed along life's bitter way.
When it is night
We rest in this—He leadeth toward the light.

TORRIGIANO TO HIS STATUE OF CHRIST.

It will be remembered that Torrigiano, the celebrated Florentine sculptor, died, amid horrible tortures, at the hands of the Inquisitors, for the breaking of his exquisite statue of the Infant Christ.

HAVE I shattered thee, O Beautiful! thou Christ-child pale and pure,
Not broken thee, O Little-one? I thought thou wouldst endure
Down to the coming ages, and stand in all thy grace,
In all thy power of loveliness in fame's most honored place,
Breathing upon the distant air Torrigiano's name—
Breathing with thy pure lips—rekindling his fame;—
But all is lost!
Lost! Lost—he stands before a broken shrine;
He bends above thee, Little-one! Thine
Is the favored part,
Thy frozen, frozen heart

Knows not the woe it is to throb, to beat so high—

To throb—and die !

Oh, I have shattered thee, thou Fair, but passion
nerved the blow ;

They thought to win thee, Beautiful, but I have laid
thee low !

Did they think to buy thee with their bags—their cop-
per bags, in truth ?

Their thirty ducats?—they have learned far otherwise,
forsooth.

I did not mean to desecrate the Name that thou didst
bear—

High Heaven, knowing all things, knows that I am
guiltless there—

I have stricken thee, O Beautiful, and jealous rage
hath sworn

To drink the blood of vengeance for thy wondrous
beauty shorn :

A little while and muffled feet will bear me from this
cell—

The tortures of the after hours, who shall there be to
tell ?

They may part my flesh among them ! I have wounded
not the Christ !

It was only thee, thou Little-one—thou the lost, the
last !

May the hand that makes the marble stand out with
life and nerve,

May the hand that wields the chisel over every sleeping
curve,

Not sway the severing hammer, where in lingering love
before

It hath bent with fiery ardor—love that kindles never
more !

INFLUENCES.

THE wind's breath comes and goes :
It blows

Along the south, and frail and fair

A heart is lifted to the wooing air—

A little heart so true

It would not come at all unless the south wind blew—

And stands, held quite aloft, so still

That none have known it for a heart at all, until,

Just as the wind forgets,

It shudders—vain regrets !—

A myriad flowers shudder when winds blow east,

But yet, the winds have never ceased

To blow, both night and day—

Blow, south, and east, and every way,

And you can tell the anguish of their breath

If you will spell the language of the fields. Both life
and death

Winds blow on every side.

The rifted stems, brown, weird, and dried,
Stand up before it, and, close by
The shafts, so tender and so shy,
That have but now just ventured forth,
The winds shall sweep them from the north,
And they will shudder, shrink, fade, die.
With quiverings of life, or death, the winds go by.

They may not know
How much they do; they come and go,
And maybe never know at all
The truth, that no such breath can fall
Quite idly. You and I
Do many things : we cannot lie
Inert as blades in painted sheath
With all the panting earth beneath.
We breathe, and kindle by each breath
Some influence vowed to life and death,
Just as the winds which blow
On errands go.

“I KNOW IN WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.”

IF I but *thought*
Christ kept my crowned one ; brought
His crown, my cross, and all the tangled web of life,
Joy-flushed, or paled with strife,
Out from the treasure-house of God :
If, as I trod
With hands so empty reaching out to take
The stone-cold tables written with the laws to break
My will against in my next step ;
If I but *thought* my way was kept,
Marked by its crosses and its times of light,
Within God's sight,
I would, transfixed with fear, stand on the way
Mute-lipped, frozen too still to pray,
Frozen too still to go—
But oh, I know
The God in whom I have believed,

Who first my breath conceived,
Whose life, vibrating through infinitude,
Quickens these humans, quickened me and holds
 My goings in his hands ; unfolds
 This new, strange winding in my way ;
 Darkens my day,
 Lifting my light so high
That walking in the dark I cannot choose but toward
 the sky
 Reach nearer than before, and keep
The steepest path. My crowned-one fell asleep.
 I take my first steps on alone and go ;
Reach through the dark ; step onward, for I know
He keeps my light—my little loved-one's face—
So bright, so sinless, in the trysting-place
 Where we shall meet,
That I can trust He will my way complete,
 Helping my feet tread high,
Keeping them steady till the by and by.

AUTUMN'S TIRED FLOWERS.

THEIR tired eyes close.

The days have been so long ; the red sun rose
So soon, so fervent, red,
The sweetest hearts of all, touched by his breath are
dead.

Poor hearts ! poor weary eyes !
The wings above, in sad surprise
Bend down : sweep
The languid lips they may not keep ;
Droop, crimson-dyed, but slow,
With songs so sad, so low,
And they ?—they fall asleep, poor eyes :
The sun-wooded dies.

Above, the brown, sear leaves
Shiver : warm breath deceives

More hearts than hearts of flowers,
Blights in its warmest hours,
And by and by
Forgets the shivering heart it leaves to die.

THE CHOSEN ONE.

THE angel from the Throne
One brow alone
Touched with the mystic sign—
Though two were there matched line for line,—
Two faces, pure and fair,
Pillowed so close, with intermingling hair
Like threads of rumpled gold—
And now the one sweet, silent face is cold !

One mother looked upon them both in love,
And watched them sleep, and prayed the Heart above
To choose some sweet behest
For these that slept upon her breast,
Yet, when the angel came,
And called one child by name,
And let the spirit free—

Bound by mortality, and sin, and woe,—
How hard to take the gift and let the spirit go.

One face alone, with strands of rumpled gold,
Sleeps fitfully, where two of old
Were pillowed side by side ;
 The Glorified
Is free. A new, sweet tone
Trembles amid the anthems round about the Throne,
And, from its place,
The chosen spirit sees Emmanuel's face.

HIS TO LAY ASIDE.

A LITTLE tool am I ; just one within His hand ;
Just His to choose
And His to use ;
Shaped out at His command.

If He should lay me down, perhaps I might be sad,
And wonder why
He put me by,
And never more be glad.

Yet I would surely know, whatever He might do—
However choose
His tools to use—
His love was strong and true.

Just looking in His face, although my heart might
break,

I could but know

He loved me so,

There could be no mistake.

BLIGHTED.

S HE was singing as he passed,
Twining willows deft and fast ;
Twining willows, singing low—
Eyes of sunshine, cheeks aglow ;
Did he then at last behold
Eyes of light and locks of gold
Matched to some Madonna old
He had seen, an ideal fair,
Mystic light on lip and hair?—
Andalusia's fairest maids
He had scanned in woods and glades,
Fairest maids from sea to sea,
But none were fair of face as she.
He wooed and won the little maid,
And robed her in the rich brocade,
And paid her court in regal hall,

But sad her smile amid it all.
For nurtured where the willows grew,
And where the mountain violets blew,
She faded as a flower which dies
In sighing for its own blue skies,

“TYSIE”

IT was last night. She looked into my face ;
She smiled. The unforgotten grace
Swept round her as of old,
Her locks of gold
Burned in the light,
And then I said,
So joyously, she is not dead.
Night deepened, and I turned,
Breathless with sudden cry—
Some whisper passed me by,
And I could find
No soul enshrined
In its fair guise,
Bewildering me with its pure eyes
Where light, just as of old, had burned.
And then I said
The vision fair hath given me in a dream.

Light to carry onward, and I deem
It no small gift—the vision of her face—
Although, I always see, in every place,
The beauty of a truer dream which is not dead,

SACRIFICE.

THE keynote of life's harmony is sacrifice.
Not twice, or thrice,
Beneath each sun will souls bow down
To lay the crown
Of will, or time, beneath strange feet,
But many times, that life's chords may be sweet.
Who sacrifices most
Drinks deepest life's rich strain, counting no cost,
But giving self on every side,
Daily and hourly, sanctified
But in the giving.
Living
Is but the bearing, the enduring,
The clashing of the hammer ; the cutting,
The straining of the strings,
The growth of harmony's pure wings.
Life is the tuning-time, complete
Alone when every chord is sweet

Through sacrifice. No untried string
Can music bring :
No untried life
Has triumphed, having passed the strife.
True living
Is learning all about the giving. '

FOOTPRINTS.

THE white, the blue, the violet hearts of flowers ;
Each prism flashing in the showers ;

The dew—

Each tiny drop—each atom of a tender hue

Of all the mists of skies ;

Each transient beautiful that is, yet dies,

But gives itself in wordless sacrifice which is not lost.

And we ? With wavering lips, crossed

Now with laughter, then with sighs and cries,

We lift inevitable sacrifice

To Good or Evil, and create

Here with our changeful steps, on God's estate,

A nobler following after good, a better sphere,

Or bring to birth more strength for evil. Here—

Here, on this bright, sad world—both you and I

Must leave our chosen, irradicable mark, and die.

No life so low is given, but it may hold

A benison to lips mute, parched or cold :
No life so high but it may stoop to take
The hand of Evil—stoop to wake
Some sleeping thing debased which might have slept.
Where we have stepped,
Along life's path, the marks shall be
Indelible to God, though man may never see.

THE SLAUGHTERED BRAVE.

A N armful of sweet flowers !—he laughed to see
So many on his arms for me,
But held one up—
One single, beautiful pure cup—
Looking a moment, saddened at its grace,
“ But this,” he said, and held it to my face ;
“ Stood up so brave and bright
I could not bear to take its life ;”—pure, frail, and
white,
I took it in my hand, and for his sake
Who begged me just a sketch to make
Of its sweet face, I drew a vine,
And sketched this little flower of mine.
And now when all the flowers are dead,
And no more flowers can come instead
In such dear hands, I turn to see
The little flower he brought to me,

And see, beside, his saddened face,
And hear, just standing in his place,
The words he sighed so low and grave
Because his hand had slain the brave.

PATIENCE WITH THE LOVE.

THEY are such little feet :
They have gone such a tiny way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
 Them go
 More sure and slow.

They are such little hands :
Be kind. Things are so new and Life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
 New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard, you know.
They are such new, young lives :
Surely their newness shrives
Them well of many sins : they see so much

That, being immortal, they would touch ;

 If they would reach

 We must not chide but teach.

They are such fond, dear eyes

 That widen to surprise

At every turn ; they are so often held

To suns or showers—showers soon dispelled

 By looking in our face—

Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts ;

Uncertain as the rifts

Of light that lie along the sky—

They may not be here by and by—

Give them not love, but more——above

And harder—patience with the love.

HIS THOUGHTS.

THERE was a time
When no wild thyme
Grew anywhere ;
When no sweet flower
Held up its face toward the shower—
When rocks were bare.

Who thought first of the thyme ;
Of all the stars that shine
Amid the grass—
White stars, and pink, and blue,
And yellow flower-stars too
On every pass ?

Who could have ever thought ,
Or ever, ever brought
Such bright, fair things

To grow beneath our feet——
Pure bells and cups so sweet——
Fairer than bird's bright wings?

Our Father planned them out :
Each one He thought about,
And as they grow,
We see His thought anew—
The form He chose, the hue—
Though strown so low.

And if, however sad,
We grow more glad
When flower-cups lie
Beneath our feet, it is because we see
His thought for you and me
In going by.

NOT BY MISTAKE.

WHAT could our love have done ? We tried
To hold her fast : cried
To the tender Hand
That we might understand
The right way, day by day—
That she might stay.

What could our love have tried ?
What secret, mystified,
Could we have found for her dear sake ?
Hearts break ;
Light dies ; life's tenderest breath
Grows cold upon her lips, but death
Chose her for Love's sweet sake ;
Not by mistake.

Perhaps if we could see
Where she dreams now of you and me ;
Look once upon her face,
We might be glad such grace
Was shown our glorified—
Be satisfied,

UNWRITTEN LANGUAGE

NOW I know
That leaves have voices, very low
And soft and tender,
And the grasses, growing under,
Whisper too, and call each other,
Reeds that lean on one another,
Mosses too, and dock, and cresses,
Every one of these confesses
Something—I can never tell you
What; but mellow
Are the voices, very gentle,
Murmurs only accidental,
When they earnest grow, or sadden
To a wailing ; laugh, or gladden
To a song—why, I can hear them,
Listening closer to be near them,
Listening at the garden border,

At the hillside, growing broader ;
In the forest or the fallow,
By the brook's heart reed and sallow :
Hear them ?—why they wail and whisper,
Sing, and when the leaves grow crisper
Toward the autumn, you shall tell me
What they say, if you can spell me
Any words : they speak so gently,
Though I listen so intently,
I can scarcely tell a word
Of all the chatter I have heard.

WHAT CAN IT MATTER.

HE goes before.
How could we ask for more
Than His right hand to hold the briars aside ;
To make the pathway wide
Or narrow for the feet ;
To lead through dust and heat ?
If we be blind :
If we could never find
The way alone ;
And do not know the tone
Of all the world's strange voices, but must weep,
And wake, and fall asleep,
And keep along the way but scarcely know
A bit about the reason why these things are so,
What can it matter, since just on ahead
A Hand is held to us—a Hand once red ?

A CHILD'S PLEA FOR A LITTLE LIFE.

BE pitiful. That little stem
Is such a fair, frail thing. Condemn
It to the winds that beat—
The winds will bind its winding-sheet,
And it will go
So dead, so cold, beneath the snow.

It seems to hold its pale leaves up
Toward thy face. This frozen cup,
Death-mixed, drips
Coldly on such fragile lips ;
They would sink back
So doomed ; so dead ; so black.

It trembles where it stands :
Quivers in reaching up its hands :

Bends to the winds. To-night,
When all thy hearth is bright,
Its lips will drink
The frost breath—stay and think.

Be pitiful. Stoop down
Toward this little life. So brown
Will be the earth just here, you will be sad,
When all the spring is glad,
Because no more
The bright face smiles which smiled before.

HOURLY BY HOURLY.

ONE single day
Is not so much to look upon. There is some way
Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face
A single day ; but place
Too many days before sad eyes—
Too many days for smothered sighs—
And we lose heart
Just at the start.
Years really are not long, nor lives—
The longest which survives—
And yet, to look across
A future we must tread bowed by a sense of loss,
Bearing some burden weighing down so low
That we can scarcely go
One step ahead, this is so hard,
So stern a view to face, unstarred,

Untouched by light, so masked with dread,
If we would take a step ahead,
Be brave and keep
The feet quite steady ; feel the breath of life sweep
Ever on our face again.
We must not look across—looking in vain—
But downward to the next close step,
And up. Eyes which have wept
Must look a little way, not far.
God broke our years to hours and days, that hour by
hour,
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able, all along,
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go ;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day,

.

And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if, by God's power,
We only bear the burden of the hour,

THE SKEIN WE WIND.

I F you and I to-day
Should stop, and lay

Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they
will,

Fall down to lie quite still;

And if some other hand should come, and stoop to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,
Beginning where we stopped ; if it should come to keep

Our life-work going, seek

To carry on the good design

Distinctively made yours or mine,

What would it find ?

Some work we must be doing, true or false :

Some threads we wind : some purpose so exalts

Itself that we look up to it, or down

As to a crown

To bow before, and we weave threads

Of different lengths and thickness, some mere shreds,
And wind them round
Till all the skein of life is bound ;
Sometimes forgetting at the task
To ask
The value of the threads, or choose
Strong stuff to use.
No hand but winds some thread—
It cannot stand quite still till it is dead—
It winds and spins some little skein :
God made each hand for work. Not toil-stain
Is required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand.
If Love should come,
Stooping above, when we are done,
To find bright threads
That we have held, that it may spin them longer, find
but shreds
That break when touched, how cold,
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands will hold
The broken strands, and know
Fresh cause for woe.

TO-MORROW'S NEWS.

THERE will be news to-morrow :
News of sorrow

Maybe ; hard, and sharp, and cutting ;

Shutting

Off a breath of sweetness ;

Life's completeness

Shattering further :

Clashing hard on one another

Hope and faith ; but God will choose

The wisest news.

If I to-night

Were given to write,

By my own will, the words to shape

To-morrow's course, sleep would escape

Me, and the wings

Of my light heart be bound. God ordereth things.

And I but pray:

Shape Thou my destiny,
And use me to Thy will,
Or, let me lie quite still
Within Thy hand. The news
Will be as God shall choose.

RECOMPENSE.

WE are quite sure
That He will give them back—bright, pure, and
beautiful—

We know He will but keep
Our own and His until we fall asleep.

We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.

He does not mean—though heaven be fair—
To change the spirits entering there, that they forget

The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.

He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make

The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.

I do believe

They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us, that when most I would grow sad
I just begin to think about that gladness,
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathways show.

My lost, my own, and I
Shall have so much to see together by and by.
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that his heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you and me,
As we have suffered most. God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side—

So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between. When we shall wake,
I am quite sure, we will be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad.

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

LOOK in his face, look in his eyes—
Roguish, and blue, and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be ;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair ;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair ;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter—to speak—
Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this ;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss,
But why ? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears

The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or her wish might be :
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet ;
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first and kisses him last ;
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hunts for her spool which is out of its place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can :
That is why she is proud of her little man.

PERHAPS.

WHY will the flowers come back—
Winding all along the track,
Smiling up toward the sun
Just as they have always done,
Though he cannot, cannot come ?
How can they bear to smile
In such a little while ;
Looking up so glad, so gay ?
I wish them far away,
These flowers that love the sun.

Why will the birds sing so—
Sing, going to and fro,
Sing just as if his face,
Not missing from its place,
Was held to them this spring ?

Why will they flutter by,
As friendly and as shy,
As glad, it seems to me,
As when he held his breath to see
 The quivering of each wing ?

Why will the sun forget ;
Why will it rise and set
In all its gorgeous dyes ?
It will not sacrifice
 A single ray, but bright—
It is as bright and glad
As though I were not sad,
As though his eyes upheld,
Yet all the mystery spelled—
 The legends of the light.

Oh, heartless sun and flowers !
Oh, heartless birds ! The hours
Are harder, are more sad,
Because they are so glad ;

And yet, perhaps, who knows ?
If I could see his face
In that dear far-off place,
I would be glad as they,
All through the livelong day,
Because God loved, and chose.

COULD LOVE REBEL?

LOVE clasped her object close :
Bent over it ; chose
Woof of costly looms to wrap about ;
Held her own arms out
Before it and around ;
Consented to be bound ;
Prayed while it slept ;
And yet—it wept.

Love dreamed but of the way
To cherish each new day
More sacredly her gift,
And touched, with finger swift,
A thousand chords, to wake,
Just for its sake,
New rhythms, but wondering mystified,

It turned to her, with eyes more wide,
Touched by a human woe ; swept
By a breath Love could not keep away, it wept.
Love suddenly grew blind,
She could not find
The lips to breathe against,
The eyes which had commenced
To look beyond our own;
The light which shone,
As light will sometimes shine
About some presence, hallowed as a shrine ;
She could not find
Small, frightened, fondling hands : wind
Her arms close about a little heart wounded or glad,
Or just a trifle sad :
She had no child
To watch, and wake above—and yet it smiled,
Trying its new, free wings, that bitter night,
Along God's upper light,
Forgetting, as its free wings swept,
That it had wept.

Love could not see it face.
She could not trace
The flight of its fair wings ;
Nor see the things
It smiled to look upon ; nor hold
Her hands in benediction, as of old :
Nor keep
Her arms about, fearing some breath might sweep
Too rudely and too near ;
She had no cause for fear !
But, though alone,
Transfixed in grief as carved stone,
Could she rebel, or cry,
Knowing that terrors sweeping by,
Anguish pale-faced, and woe
Which might invade her arms, could never go
So high,
So near the sky,
So near to those whom God doth keep,
That they should weep ?

LET THEM BE GLAD.

THEY are not kind :
Their words find
Such hard syllables to dwell upon ; they see
Such bitter sentences, and cannot free
The spelling, as they read,
From crooked letters, which, being interpreted,
Would mean but prejudice. They spell,
Forgetting that God's light would serve them well
In such strange reading;
Proceeding
With truth's lips to read aright—
Not putting dark for light.
They are not just.
But put aside their littleness, and trust
To be content in simply passing by
Their hardness : forget the reason why

Days are more sad.
Let them be glad,
If they can find a way,
For in some far-off day
What will it matter if they read aright,
Or turned the writing from the light?

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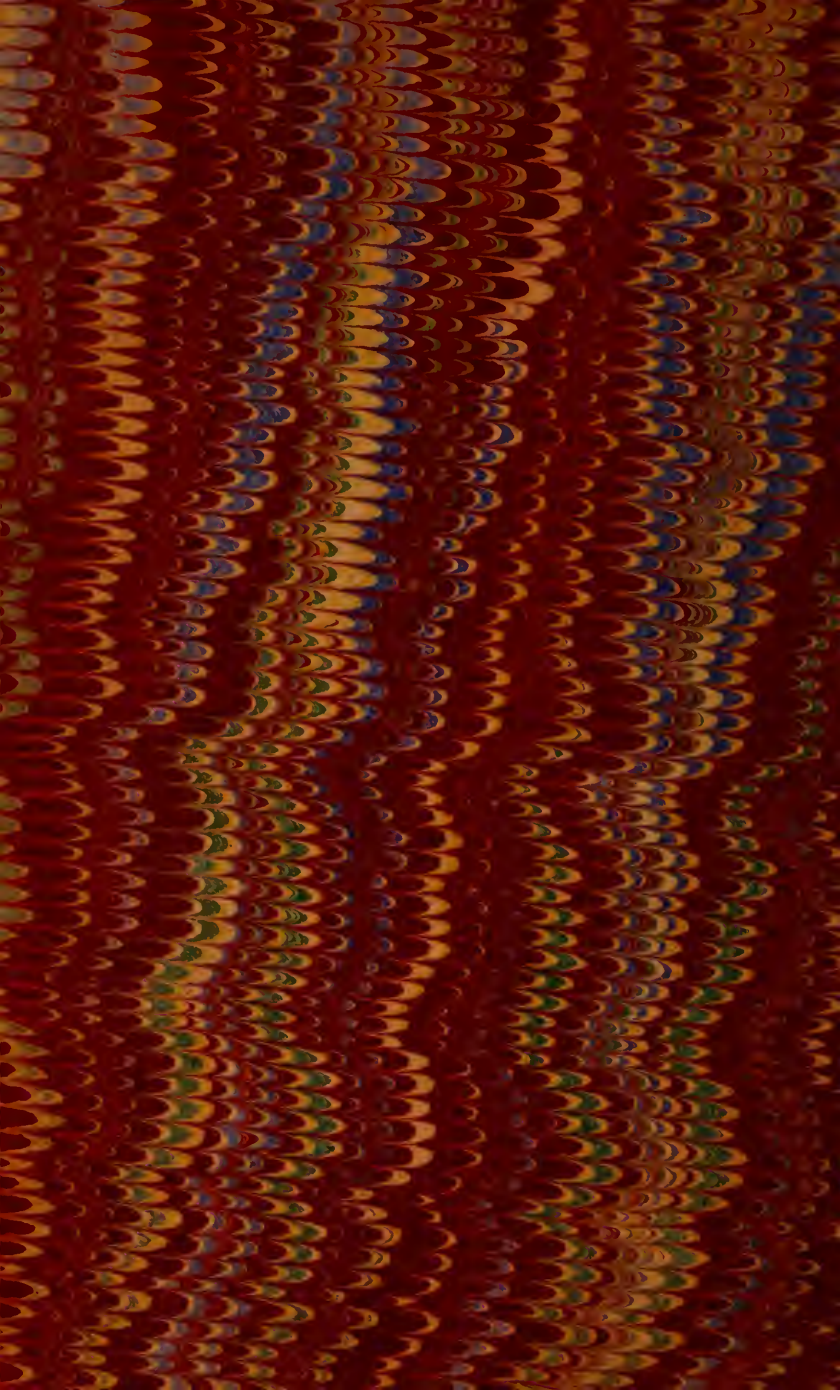
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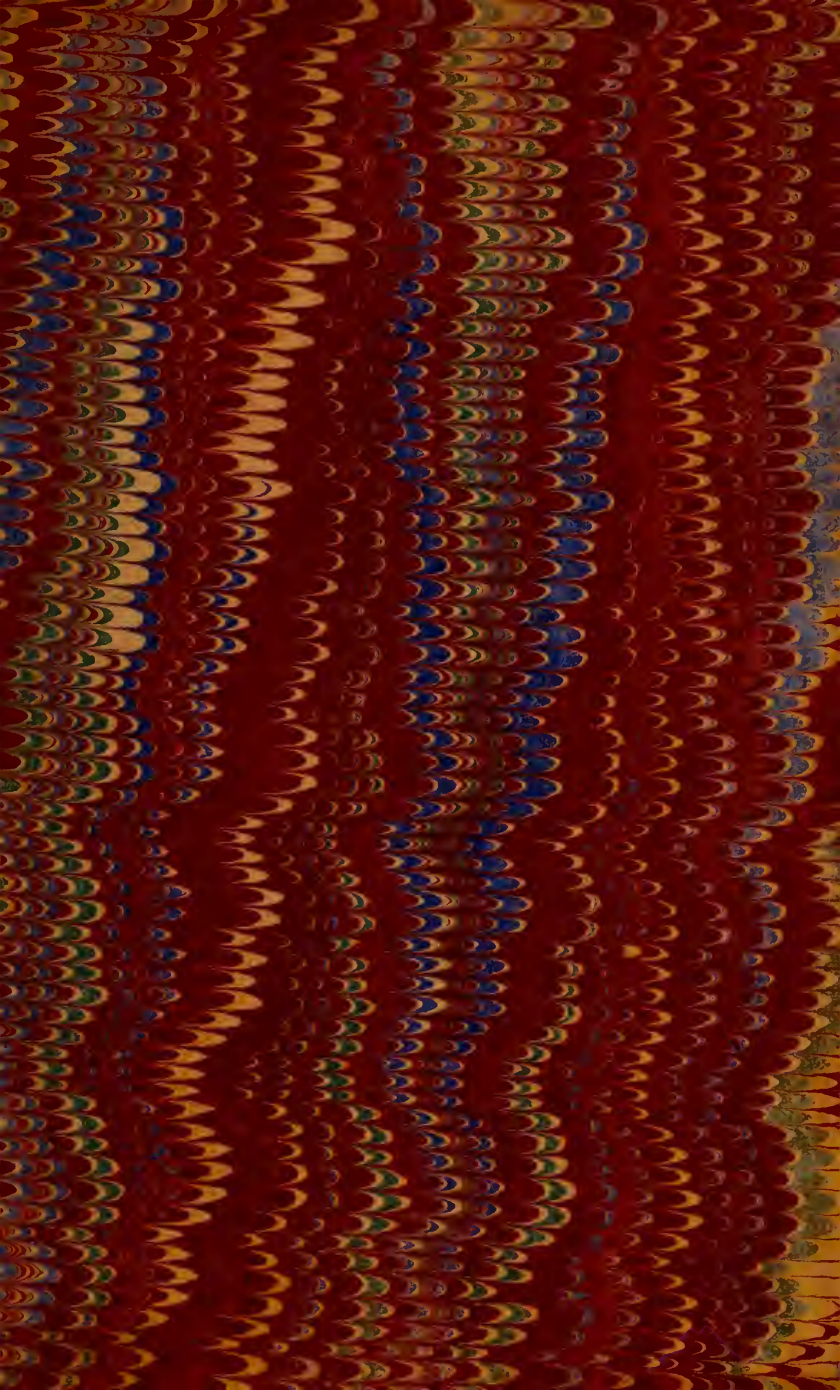
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